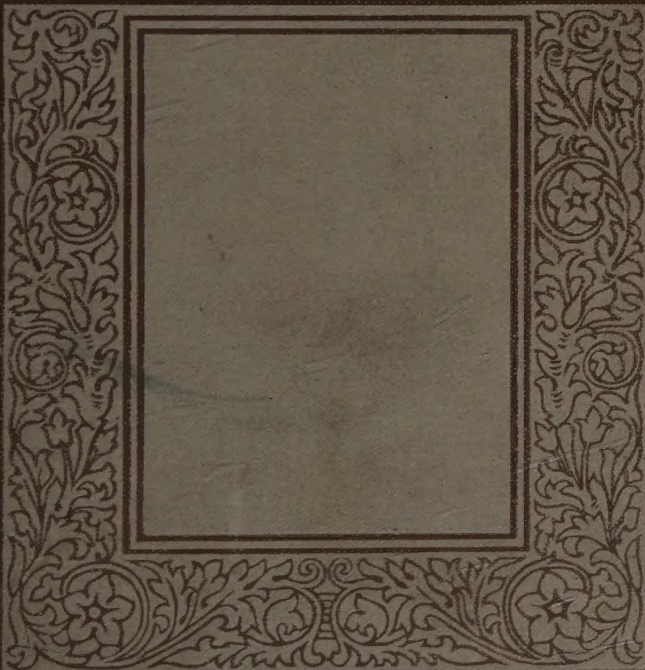


A POETIC READER



EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

72
~~29~~
.19

A POETIC READER

For Evening and Other Schools

By J. WEIL, Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO

COPYRIGHT, 1908
By
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Psalm of Life	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . 7
The Village Blacksmith	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . 9
The Wreck of the Hesperus	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> . . . 11
Quotations from Longfellow	 15
For an Autumn Festival	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . 16
Barbara Frietchie	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> . . . 18
Quotations from Whittier	 21
Old Ironsides	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> . . . 23
The Last Leaf	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> . . . 24
The Chambered Nautilus	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> . . . 26
Quotations from Holmes	 27
The Death of Lincoln	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . . 28
The Gladness of Nature	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . . 29
The Wind and Stream	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> . . . 30
Quotations from Bryant	 31
Hymn on the Fight at Concord	<i>R. W. Emerson</i> . . . 32
The Rhodora	<i>R. W. Emerson</i> . . . 33
Quotations from Emerson	 34
The Shepherd of King Admetus	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> . . . 35
The First Snowfall	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> . . . 37
Quotations from Lowell	 39
Lord Ullin's Daughter	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> . . . 40
Sheridan's Ride	<i>T. B. Reade</i> . . . 43
The Charge of the Light Brigade	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . 46
Crossing the Bar	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . 48
The Death of the Old Year	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . 49
Love of Country	<i>Walter Scott</i> . . . 51
O Captain! my Captain!	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . 52
Burial of Sir John Moore	<i>Charles Wolfe</i> . . . 54
Hervé Riel	<i>Robert Browning</i> . . . 62

Home	<i>James Montgomery</i>	66
About Ben Adhem	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	67
The Ballad of the "Clampherdown"	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	68
Recessional	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	72
The Dawn of Peace	<i>John Ruskin</i>	73
The Inchcape Rock	<i>Robert Southey</i>	75
Rienzi's Address to the Romans	<i>Mary R. Mitford</i>	78
The German Fatherland	<i>Ernst Arndt</i>	80
Hohenlinden	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>	82
A Danish National Song	<i>Anon</i>	84
What Constitutes a State?	<i>William Jones</i>	86
The Shandon Bells	<i>Francis Mahony</i>	87
The Bells	<i>E. A. Poe</i>	89
I Remember, I Remember	<i>Thomas Hood</i>	92
Ode	<i>William Collins</i>	93
Woodman, Spare That Tree	<i>G. P. Morris</i>	94
Song	<i>T. L. Peacock</i>	95
Hail, Columbia!	<i>Joseph Hopkinson</i>	96
The Star-Spangled Banner	<i>F. S. Key</i>	98
The American Flag	<i>J. R. Drake</i>	100
Battle Hymn of the Republic	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	102
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	<i>Walter Kittredge</i>	104
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!	<i>G. F. Root</i>	105
Marching Through Georgia	<i>H. C. Work</i>	106
The Landing of the Pilgrims	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	107
The Blue and the Gray	<i>F. M. Finch</i>	109
Nathan Hale	<i>F. M. Finch</i>	111
To a Friend	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>	113
Marco Bozzaris	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>	114
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth	<i>A. H. Clough</i>	118
America	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	119
Lead, Kindly Light	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	120
My Old Kentucky Home	<i>S. C. Foster</i>	121
Home, Sweet Home	<i>J. H. Payne</i>	122
The Bivouac of the Dead	<i>Theodore O'Hara</i>	123
Maxims	<i>George Washington</i>	126
Poor Richard's Sayings	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	127
Rules	<i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	128

PREFACE.

This book is designed to furnish material for memory work and supplementary reading for Evening Schools. It has been compiled after several years' experience with adult evening pupils.

There are several reasons for presenting a book of this kind:

First: It is a saving of time to the teacher, who does not have to select from a large number of volumes and copy on the board.

Second: The students are often absent and do not get the whole selection, thus losing interest.

Third: They are apt to copy incorrectly or lose what they had copied.

Fourth: They desire a book which can be carried back and forth to school, as they are of the working class and can do little individual work; thus, when they come to class, attention can be given to the pronunciation and to the expression.

Fifth: Many of the poems instill patriotism.

By reciting these poems the students' English becomes more flexible, and unconsciously they incorporate some of the words into their vocabulary.

Let these poems receive attention every evening.

A POETIC READER

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle —
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more —
How in her grave she lies;
And, with his hard, rough hand, he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow’rds the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bow,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes,
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

QUOTATIONS FROM LONGFELLOW

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

The Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres charm no more;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
And nature holds us still in debt;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new!
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill,
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold, —
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight:

"Halt!" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone o'er it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

QUOTATIONS FROM WHITTIER

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave.

Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.

I have but thee, my Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold.

Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy.

Who looking backward from his manhood's
prime
Sees not the specter of his misspent time?

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

One brave deed makes no hero.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 "‘They are gone.’"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous cell
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul;
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

QUOTATIONS FROM HOLMES

" I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. "

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite, and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond is free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground.

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE WIND AND STREAM

A brook came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of the winding stream,
The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly-gliding bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along, a livelier stream,
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

The careless wind came never back;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem,
But, on its melancholy track,
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

QUOTATIONS FROM BRYANT

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers,
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

They, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortune tried.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower!

HYMN ON THE FIGHT AT CONCORD

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day the votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought
you.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

BORROWING

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

QUOTATIONS FROM EMERSON

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

Happy is the house that shelters a friend.

The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even,
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine!

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their firstborn brother as a god.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

QUOTATIONS FROM LOWELL

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Glorious fountain! Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant, upward like thee.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

The many make the household,
But only one the home.

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in.

He gives nothing but worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty.

One thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of
warning.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering
that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which
never come.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady: —

“And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief
“Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!”

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

— *Thomas Campbell.*

TAKE JOY HOME

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred heart of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad:
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done — what to do — a glance told him
both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldier's Temple of Fame —
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
 Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
 Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;

We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:

What is it we can do for you?

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
 sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-
 ulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
 and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the
 bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you
 the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
 still;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck where my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

— *Walt Whitman.*

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

— *Charles Wolfe.*

HERVE RIEL

I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
two,

Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all:

And they signalled to the place

“Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick —
or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!”

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?” laughed they:

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the ‘Formidable’ here with her twelve and
eighty guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,

Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, ’tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!”

IV.

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

“Here’s the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow

All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first,
second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-
ville for the fleet,

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?"
cried Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
 disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
 lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
 than fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, be-
 lieve me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
 well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
 — Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life — here's my head!"
 cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
fate,

Up the English come — too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

“Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty’s done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run? —

Since ’tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —

Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!”

That he asked and that he got — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
land bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
Belle Aurore!

— *Robert Browning.*

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

“Make way for liberty!” he cried;

“Make way for liberty,” and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,

A living wall, a human wood! —

A wall, where every conscious stone

Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;

A rampart all assaults to bear,

Till time to dust their frames should wear.

So dense, so still the Austrians stood,

A living wall, a human wood!

Impregnable their front appears,

All horrent with projected spears,

Whose polished points before them shine,

From flank to flank, one brilliant line,

Bright as the breakers’ splendors run

Along the billows, to the sun.

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained;—
Marshaled, once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
When he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew;
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath:
The fire of conflict burned within —
The battle trembled to begin.
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
The line 'twere suicide to meet,

And perish at their tyrants' feet; —
How could they rest within their graves
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: — this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power.
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly — she cannot yield —
She must not fall: her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty," he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

— *James Montgomery.*

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*



HOME

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
The fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country and that spot thy home!

— *James Montgomery.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Would sweep the channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and staunchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair of heels wherewith to run,
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles —
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork —
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck-beams break below,

'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."

And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile —
As ye shoot at the flying duck —
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below —
You can hear the hiss of helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, "Turn and go."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
And dimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock,
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock,
The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A. B.,
We drift upon her beam;

We dare not ram for she can run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
That carried an armor-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow,
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

"Captain, they lack us through and through;
The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns flared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have
it now;
Our cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelled delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"
Heaved up her battered side —
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long-ago,
And as it still shall be.

— *Rudyard Kipling.*

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dom nion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
— *Rudyard Kipling.*

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet
gray:
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the
gates of day;
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden
streets be free,
The morning watch is past — the watch of evening
shall not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your
brands to dust!
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a
better trust.
Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the hel-
met bar;
A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of
war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering
troops increase —
They come! They come! — How fair their feet —
they come that publish peace!
Yea, victory! fair victory! our enemies' and ours!
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the
earth with flowers.

Ah, still depressed and dim with dew; but yet a
little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness
shall smile;
And every tender living thing shall feed by streams
of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursing
from the nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time
of rest,
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness
his breast —
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness
shall be,
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in
the sea!

— *John Ruskin.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea —
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy, in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The seabirds screamed as they wheeled around.
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring —
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye fell on the bell and float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear —
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

— *Robert Southey.*

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

I came not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! — not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants; feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell — a name.

Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor (there he stands),
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? — men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,

I had a brother once (a gracious boy),
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile
Parting his innocent lips: in one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!

Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, slaves
Have ye brave sons? Look, n the next fierce brawl,
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And, once again,
(Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!) once again, I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

— *Mary Russell Mitford.*

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND

Which is the German's fatherland? —
Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the northern sea-gull screams?

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is't where the marsian ox unbends?
Or where the marksman iron rends? —

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania's or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves?

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well,

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land;
Doubtless it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great —

Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land.
Is't what the Princes won by sleight,
From the Emperor's and the Empire's right?—

Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!
As far's the German accent rings,
And hymns to God in heaven sings,

That is the land —
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the grasped hand —
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies;

That is the land —
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band —
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow;

That is the land —
All Germany's thy fatherland!

— *Ernst Moritz Arndt.*

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimson snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

— *Thomas Campbell.*

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

— *Milnes.*

A DANISH NATIONAL SONG

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of Nature rose;
Where first I cropped the stainless blossoms
Of pleasure, yet unmixed with woe,
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripped beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning,
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love.
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And e'en the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier steps his haunts in glee.

O'er Norway's crags; o'er Denmark's valleys,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties,
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land.

Thou monument of truth unfailing;
Sublime, unshaken Frederickshall;
In vain with peal on peal assailing,
Charles thundered at thy fatal wall;
Beneath thy cliff, in flames ascending,
A sacrifice to virtue blazed,
Where patriot bands, serene, unbending,
Consumed the domes their fathers raised.

O royal town in memory hallowed
To Denmark's last and darkest day;
The prize that Sweden's hunter followed,
Behind thy feeble ramparts lay!
But faith, the strength of towers supplying,
Bade Vasa tremble for his name;
While round the rescued Hafnia lying,
Expired stern Sweden's flower and fame.

Long, long shall Danish maidens sigh,
For those, who in their battle fell;
And mother's long, with beaming eyes
Of Frederickshall and Hafnia tell!
The child that learns to lisp his mother,
Shall learn to lisp his country's name;
Shall learn to call her son a brother,
And guard her rights with heart of flame.

Burn high, burn clear, thou spark unfading,
From Holstein's oaks to Dofra's base;

Till each, in war his country aiding,
Remains in peace her strength and grace!
The sons of wisdom shall approve us,
The God of patriots smile from high,
While we, and all the hearts that love us,
Breathe but for Denmark's liberty.

— *Anon.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No. MEN! high-minded men —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
These constitute a state.

— *William Jones.*

THE SHANDON BELLS

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee!
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate —
But all their music
 Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling

On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand
On the pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican;
And the cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly —
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There is a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets;

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets,
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me —
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

— *Francis Mahony (Father Prout).*

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

— *Edgar Allen Poe.*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white;
The violet and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

— *Thomas Hood.*

ODE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

— *William Collins*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties,
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

— *George P. Morris.*

SONG

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

— *Thomas Love Peacock.*

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,

In Heav'n we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.

— *Joseph Hopkinson.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen, through the mists of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "*In God is our trust.*"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

— *Francis Scott Key.*

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

— *Bonar*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And stripped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

— *Joseph Rodman Drake.*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

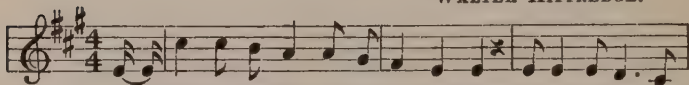
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

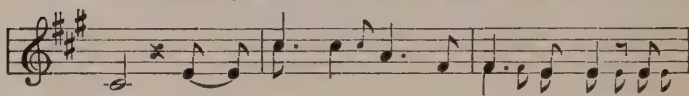
— *Julia Ward Howe.*

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

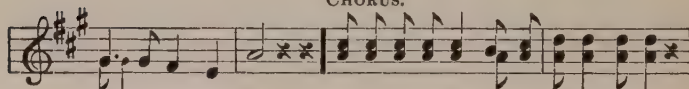


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tir-ed of war on the old Camp ground, Many are dead and
4. We've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground, Many are ly-ing

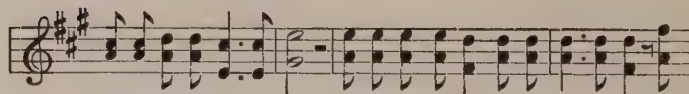


cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And
by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-
near; Some are dead, and some are dy-ing, Ma-

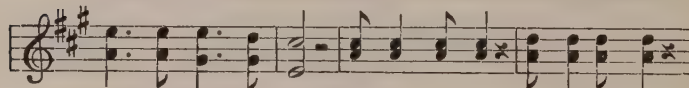
CHORUS.



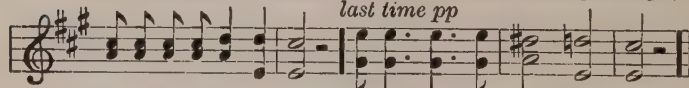
friends we love so dear. Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
tear that said "good-bye!"
ers been wounded long.
ny are in tears.



Wishing for the war to cease, Many are the hearts looking for the right, To



see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing to-night,
last time pp



Tenting on the old Camp ground, Dying on the old Camp ground.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP

In the prison-cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I
can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air
again
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

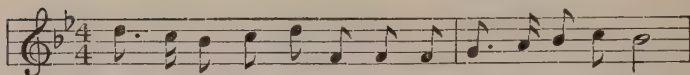
In the battle-front we stood when their fiercest charge
they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines they were beaten
back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison-cell we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door.
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart
almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

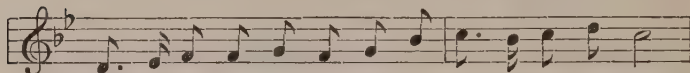
— *George F. Root.*

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

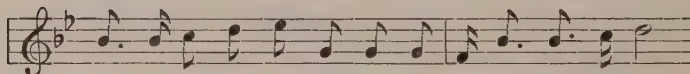
HENRY C. WORK.



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an-oth-er song —
2. How the dark-ies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!

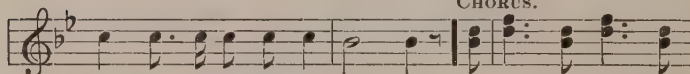


Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long —
How the tur-keys gob-bled which our com-mis-sa - ry found!

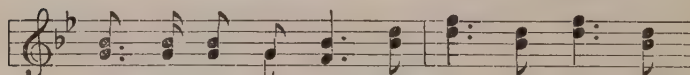


Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thousand strong,
How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven start-ed from the ground,

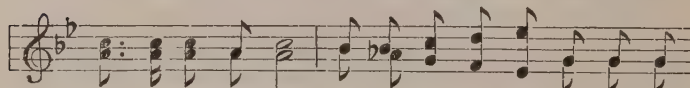
CHORUS.



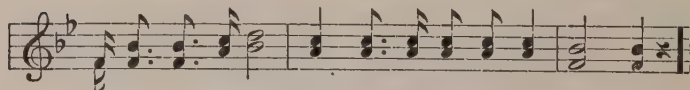
While we were marching thro' Georgia. Hur-rah! hur-rah! We



bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the



flag that makes you free! So we sang the cho - rus from At -



lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear: —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— *Mrs. Hemans.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

— *Francis Miles Finch.*

NATHAN HALE

To drum-beat and heart-beat a soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek, there is courage in his
eye —

Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat, in a moment, he
must die.

By starlight and moonlight he seeks the Briton's
camp;

He hears the rustling flag, and the armed sentry's
tramp;

And the starlight and moonlight his silent wanderings
lamp.

With slow tread and still tread, he scans the tented
line,

And he counts the battery guns by the gaunt and
shadowy pine;

And his slow tread and still tread gives no warning
sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave, it meets his eager
glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars like the glimmer of
a lance,
A dark wave, a plumed wave, on an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang, and terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed, in the camp a spy hath
found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang, the patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow, he listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear, nor a shadow-trace of
gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow he robes him
for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night, he kneels upon the
sod;
And the brutal guards withhold e'en the solemn Word
of God.
In the long night, the still night, he walks where
Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn, he dies upon
the tree;
And he mourns that "he can lose but one life for
Liberty";
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn, his spirit-
wings are free.

From the Fame-leaf and the Angel-leaf, from monu-
ment to urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven, his tragic fate
shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and on Angel-leaf the name of
Hale shall burn.

— *Francis Miles Finch.*

TO A FRIEND

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

— *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a King;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the green earth drank their blood
On old Plataë's day:
And now they breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;

He woke to hear his sentries shriek:

“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”

He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke

And shout and groan and saber-stroke

And death-shots falling thick and fast

Like forest pines before the blast,

Or lightnings from the mountain cloud!

And heard with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:

“Strike! — till the last armed foe expires,

Strike! — for your altars and your fires,

Strike! — for the green graves of your sires,

God and your native land!”

They fought, like brave men, long and well,

They piled that ground with Moslem slain,

They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,

Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw

His smile when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won;

Then saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly as to a night's repose

Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!

Come to the mother's when she feels

For the first time her firstborn's breath;

Come when the blessed seals

Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With Banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought;
 Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to imprisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And even she who gave thee birth,

Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime;
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb,
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed,
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys;
Talk of thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

— *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

— *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
 Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

— *Samuel Francis Smith.*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

— *John Henry Newman.*

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

— *Stephen C. Foster.*

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call —
Give me them — and the peace of mind, dearer than
all!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home
 Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
 Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
 Home!

— *John Howard Payne.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;

No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No betraying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil

Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war her richest spoil,—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Theodore O'Hara*

MAXIMS

Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

— *George Washington.*

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

He that falls in love with himself, will have no rivals.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some, for he that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing.

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

— *Benjamin Franklin.*

RULES

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

— *Thomas Jefferson.*



S0-DFJ-499

